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# Werewolf Princess

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## Chapter 1 by Joshua T

(Note: Credit to +Jamie Burger on Google+)

"Unwanted. Rejected. Now this?" Dusty whispered to herself. She was cursed at birth to forever be this way. Many believed that she was part wolf, which she wasn't. While many men still thought of her as beautiful, her parents thought otherwise. Her father, the king, had made arrangements with a neighboring kingdom, a kingdom that hated her family and kingdom. An enemy. She was a peace treaty as her father put it. He was forever disowning her, but did not care. He was giving her away, as a gift, to an enemy. This was meant to bring the kingdom's into an alliance, but Dusty did not understand why she was being given as an object.

Dusty was surrounded by guards as they escorted her down the hall towards palace room. They paused at the door as the door guards went in to announce that she was there. She could hear her father ask someone, "Are you ready to see her?". The answer came from a rough sounding voice.

" I came to see the werewolf, didn't I? Let it in."

Dusty clenched her hands. She loathed the times when she was called on it, but more than

anything else she loathed the times when she was called on it.

The door crashed open and the king stood there, looking down at his daughter. The enemy was standing by his father when she walked in. She could see the king's eyes scanning the room, looking for any sign of the guard who brought her father to him.

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"I thought you might like to do the honors?" Her father smiled, handing the rope out to the enemy, an evil smile appeared on the enemies face.

"Oh, how I would." He answered, taking the rope then walking towards Dusty. Dusty felt an urge to run, but being surrounded by guards, she could not. He grabbed her hands and bound them, she looked down at her feet to avoid eye contact. But he grabbed her chin and forced her to look at her.

"Just you wait till you see what I have on store for your werewolf princess ." He grinned. The way he looked at her made her uncomfortable. It was a hungry look, he stoked her hair with his other hand. She was already making an escape plan.

## Chapter 2 by Exalted Toast



Not knowing the layout of the enemy castle at all, however, put a large damper on her plans. She would have to escape during this night before the treaty was fully complete. The basic layout of the castle was an asparagus pattern. She suspected she would be held in one of the rooms, and as such she would only be able to escape through a grand staircase or a window. One of which was more dangerous, and the other of which was leaving more risk to get caught.

Then it clicked. She knew that her father wouldn't untie her during the time, and the rope was her escape route.

## Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



A few false trips and mewling seductive cries later, Dusty was free and bathing in the blood of fourteen soldiers. The king cowered behind his throne, in the hopes she would use her newfound freedom as a manner of escape - or at least dawdle enough in finding him that she could be captured again.

Neither of these things happened. She could smell him.

Dusty ripped the throne sideways, losing herself to wolfkin. A more sensible mind would have chosen a quieter death for the king, as to not draw attention to the rest of the castle. But she

hadn't been trained to think like that.

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